

How Steve Harrington Became a Mother by orphan_account

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Summary:

Kind of crack, mainly not. Five times Steve acted like a mother, and one time where he technically became one.

How Steve Harrington Became a Mother

1.)

A lot of shit had happened in Hawkins. *A lot of shit.* Steve had been there for almost all of it. Most of it. The important stuff.

All things considered, Steve figured he did a pretty good job keeping those kids safe. Babysitter Steve was better than Boyfriend Steve, he admitted. Though he wasn't really that upset about it, if he was being honest.

He'd decided to skip college, at least for a year or two. He could stay and take care of the kids, help out Joyce and Hopper. He pretty much lived with the Byers now.

That being said, he was there now. It was around ten at night, and Jonathan was on a date with Nancy. Joyce was out working a late shift, and since Will was still at home, and Steve -- you know -- never left, he was watching a movie on the Byers' tv while Will slept in his bedroom down the hall.

As the time edged closer to ten thirty, Steve began dozing on the couch. However, his nap was abruptly interrupted by a loud scream.

Steve was up and down the hall in a flash, stumbling through the door of Will's room.

Will was still screaming, sitting up in his bed, eyes wide and panicked. His head snapped over to Steve, and he sucked in a deep breath, before bursting into tears.

Steve crawled onto the bed, and he wrapped his arms around the smaller boy. Will melted into his chest as he cried, grasping Steve's shirt desperately.

Steve rocked him back and forth, slowly, comfortingly, whispering soothing words to him and promising that he was right there and nothing was going to hurt him.

Will had nightmares all the time after the shadow monster took hold

of him. They figured he was pretty much cured, except for the obvious PTSD he would have -- nightmares included.

So Steve stayed with him, rubbing Will's back and holding him until he fell asleep again, and stayed with him until Joyce got home, at which point she found them both fast asleep, curled up on Will's bed, Will in Steve's arms protectively.

2.)

It was raining when Max called him.

Steve blinked open his eyes, faintly noticing the clock that said it was a little past midnight, fumbling for the phone.

"Hello?" He asked tiredly, voice raspy from sleep. Thunder echoed outside.

"Steve?"

Steve sat up a little. "Max?"

"I, uh, I'm at the gas station, right by the school. C-can you come pick me up?"

"Uh, yeah- yeah sure. What happened? Where's Billy? Your parents?" He asked, pulling on his shoes.

Max, however, started crying, and he figured that was all he needed to know, to know why she left.

"Hey, don't worry. I'm on my way. I'll be there in ten minutes. Don't move."

"Steve, please hurry."

Steve was there in seven minutes flat. Max climbed into the car and Steve drove off, deciding to just drive around rather than take her anywhere.

"Are you okay?" Steve asked her, turning his head for a moment to look at the girl in the seat next to him.

She stared out the window, wiping her eyes. "Yeah, I'm-I'm okay." She looked at him. "Thanks for picking me up."

"No problem, kiddo." He replies sincerely. "Any particular place you want to go?"

Max shook her head and leaned back against the seat, trying to steady her breathing. He saw a bruise forming around her wrist, and he felt both a surge of anger and a wave of sympathy.

He put her hand on her knee comfortingly, and he felt the muscles in her leg relax at the touch. He left his hand there as he drove around for the next hour, keeping her safe.

3.)

Steve and Dustin had a special relationship.

One moment, they could be yelling at each other about how stupid they are, and the next-

"Last time you asked me for girl advice, Lucas got your date."

Dustin rolled his eyes. "Yeah, but, I wasn't trying hard enough. Plus, we were in the middle of a possible apocalypse. I wasn't thinking."

Steve raised his eyebrows, and Dustin sighed, "You're hopeless."

Steve snorted, "Oh, *I'm* hopeless."

"Look, just-" Dustin ran his hands through his hair, "You're the only one I can talk to about this, okay? My mom doesn't know anything. So can you just, please. How do I get Stacy's attention?"

Steve hesitated, before signing heavily and throwing himself onto Dustin's couch. "Okay, so ignore what I said about how to get Max. Just be yourself, man. You're already good-hearted and loveable. So

don't freak out, alright? Buy her flowers and comment on her outfit or hair, if she lost weight or how nice she looks. Girls your age like that."

"If you know so much about girls, why don't you have a girlfriend?" Dustin asked him, sitting next to him.

Steve sighed and rolled his lips. "I dunno." He grimmed and ruffled Dustin's bush of hair. "I guess taking care of you and your little bratty friends became my full-time job."

Dustin laughed and swatted Steve's hands away. "Whatever, dude, whatever."

4.)

"Harrington!"

The man in question turned, seeing Hopper jogging up to him.

"Hey, Hop." Steve greeted, burrowing his eyebrows. "What's up?"

"Do you know where Nancy is? Or Joyce?" The chief asked, looking a little nervous.

Steve shook his head, "No, I don't think so. Why? Is something wrong?"

"Sort of. Uh," Hopper stuttered, "El started her, um, you know- her-"

"Oh." Steve's mouth formed an 'o' shape. "She started her period?"

Hopper nodded, face turning red. Steve snorted. "Have you never dealt with girls on their periods, Hop?"

"Shut up," the elder snapped, "Do you know where I can find the girls?"

"No, sorry." Steve shook his head. "But if you want, I could help? I've seen enough periods to be of some assistance. At least, until you

find a woman to aid you.”

“Could you?” Jim asked, “I need to find Joyce. But, if you don't mind... she's pretty scared.”

“Not an issue.” Steve patted his shoulder and made his way to his car to get to the store.

When he got to Hopper’s house, two grocery bags in hand, he noticed the closed bathroom door.

“El?” He called out, “Jane? It's Steve. I have some stuff for you.” He knocked on the door as softly as possible. “Hopper told me what happened. Can I help you?”

It took a moment before the door opened, and Steve slid inside as quickly as possible. She was inside the bathtub, hidden behind the shower curtain. He assumed she didn't have on pants, for obvious reasons as to not stain anything.

He put the bags on the sink as she poked her head out from behind the curtain. “Okay, so I brought you a box of pads and a box of tampons. I didn't know which you'd prefer.”

He quickly explained what each one did and how to use them. She asked for the pads, which was somewhat a relief for Steve, for some reason.

“I also brought a pack of underwear, since you'll probably stain what you have, even though you've got the pads.”

He set the pack on the edge of the tub, along with the pads. She grabbed them, and he heard the sounds of them opening, so he turned back to his bags to give her some privacy.

“So I bought you some chocolate,” he continued, “Nancy said she and her friends always liked chocolate when they were on their periods. I've also got some movies for you to watch, since it's not very comfortable to move around. Um, there's a blanket -- softest I could find -- and some pain killers, because you'll get cramps and those are *not fun*, apparently.”

He hadn't realized she'd come out of the bathtub until he turned.
"Joyce, she's on her way. Hop's getting her, but I figured I might try to--"

She threw herself at him in a hug. He paused, surprised at the affection she'd never shown him. He rubbed her back, smiling a little.

"Thank you." She whispered.

Steve smiled, "It's okay. You're gonna be fine, honey. It's gonna be fine."

5.)

Steve checked his watch in annoyance, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel. He was supposed to be picking up Mike from school, but he was nearly ten minutes late.

Another five or so minutes passed before Mike got into the car, and Steve nearly knocked his head against the glass by accident when he saw Mike's beat-up face.

"Shit, what happened to you?"

"Can you just go already?" Mike snapped, and Steve complied.

It was silent for a good half of the drive, until Mike told him, "Some of the football players cornered me when I left class."

That's all he said, but Steve knew those boys had thrown the punched they gave him that bruised eye, that busted lip.

Steve pulled into the Wheeler's driveway, knowing it would be empty -- the entire reason he had to pick up Mike from school.

"Come on, kid." He said, getting out of the car, "Let's get you cleaned up."

Mike followed wordlessly as Steve led him through his own house, up to the bathroom, grabbing an ice pack from the kitchen on the way

up.

“Sit.” He commanded, handing Mike the ice pack. Mike sat on the closed toilet lid as Steve wet a washcloth, holding the ice pack to his eye.

Steve crouched down and slowly started dabbing away the blood on Mike's lip. “Are you alright?” He asked, absentmindedly brushing away the stray, sweaty hairs sticking to Mike's forehead.

Mike nodded, sighing a little as he relaxed, knowing he wasn't in any danger anymore. “Y'know, you should be a dad one day. You'd be really good at it.”

Steve paused, washcloth resting on Mike's bottom lip. He smirked a little, weakly, “I dunno, kid. I think I'm more of a mom, don't you?”

It was a joke, weak and lacking humor, and Mike saw, deep in Steve's eyes, just how much he wouldn't mind being a parent.

+ 1

“So we're agreed?”

Those were the first words Steve heard, walking into the police station two weeks later.

He'd gotten multiple phone calls from the kids, Joyce -- hell, even *Billy*, for Christ sake -- and many others, telling him to come down to the police station *immediately*.

“Alright, alright, I'm here.” Steve announced, and the room went silent, “What's all this about? Is someone dead?”

No one answered right away, and Steve suddenly felt panicked when he didn't see a familiar face. “Where's Will? Did something happen?”

Joyce smiled, and Jonathan laughed, “You're right, Mike. He'll be great at it.”

“What? Be great at what?” Steve questioned, “What’s going on?”

Will ducked out from behind Hopper and handed Steve an envelope.

Steve eyed him curiously, then the others, then opened the envelope. He nearly dropped it.

“What- why is there so much money in here?” Steve breathed out, “Guys, you’re freaking me out.” He looked pointedly at the kids -- mainly Max and Dustin. “Did you guys rob a bank. Goddamnit, what have I told you-”

“Steve!” El laughed, shutting the older boy up.

“It’s a present, from all of us.” Nancy told him.

Steve scoffed, “For what?”

“To have a baby.” Will replied, looking up at Steve. “Or a toddler or teenager. Whatever you want. There’s enough.”

Steve looked at them all incredulously. The kids, Nancy, Jonathan, Joyce, Hopper, Karen, Mrs. Sinclair, Dustin’s mother, Billy -- *Billy*, holy fuck.

“You’re messing with me. This, things like this don’t happen.” Steve huffed.

“Steve,” Joyce spoke softly, walking over to him, “You helped my boy...in so many ways. He might not be here, his friends might not be here, if you hadn’t been looking out for them.”

Steve shrugged, a little overwhelmed. “We’ll yeah, but-”

“She’s right, man,” Jonathan interrupted, “and Mom’s always right. You didn’t just help the kids, you’ve helped us- me and Nancy, Hopper, Eleven-”

“Jane.”

“Sorry.” Jonathan smiled sheepishly. “Jane. All of them. And it’s not just you babysitting or whatever. You go out of your way sometimes,

like that day with Max. You worry about them, like with Will, care for them, like you did with Mike.”

“That's just being a good person.” Steve argued.

“No, Harrington, it's not.” Billy snapped, “Look, I don't like you. I don't really like anyone. But you helped Max when I was being a piece of shit.”

“You're always a piece of shit.”

“Shut up, Maxine.”

“The point is,” Hopper shut them up himself, “You're very guarded and protective of them.”

“It's obvious you want to be a parent, Steve.” Mike spoke up quietly. “I remember seeing it when we talked.”

Steve was speechless. “I...” He stared at everyone. “I just got out of high school. I'm not...ready, yet.”

“But in time, you will be.” Joyce smiled, putting a hand on his shoulder, “and when you are, if you haven't found a girl to settle down with, that money will be there. If you have, use the money for your child.”

She looked at him with teary eyes, a hand raking through Will's hair, free hand holding Jonathan's. “There's nothing like the feeling of being a parent.”

Dustin winked, “Or a mother.”

Steve shot him the middle finger, but smiled at everyone, tears gathering in his own eyes. “This is actual insanity. Wow. But thank you, really, so much.”

He looked around at the people in the room, and felt a small sense of peace. He was home.

Steve, still completely single, adopted a four month old a month later. Her name was Darcy.

And if her first word was 'Mama', gazing up at Steve with big blue eyes, no one had to know.

(Everyone knew.)

Author's Note:

Kind of want to write a fic about Steve as a mother?
Or at least a parent but idk feedback?